

SUB

eccentric film
and video culture

\$4.25

No. 9

february/march 1988

HUMAN

Featuring:

Is It Time To Resort To Mainstream?

Rednecks In The Twilight Zone

A Real Stinker Of A Film!

No Blue Velvet Forum

SPY SEX

and more!



for mature readers

SUB HUMAN

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and video culture

february/march 1988

CO-EDITED, PUBLISHED
and TYPESET
by Dawn Doyle

No. 9

EDITED and PUBLISHED
by Cecil Doyle

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Kris Gilpin
Greg Goodsell
David Dodge
Elliot P. Moss
Jim Smith

talk
about.

like
odious proclivities,
dude!

It's a brand new Charlie-sorts year and SUBHUMAN is forced once again to have to raise it's cost. Yeah, I know we did that just last year and promised never to bother you with this again. However, not foreseeing the tremendous increase in costs and subscribers that have occurred in the past 12 months, it is becoming virtually impossible for us to continue providing the 16-pages that we started producing in that time. It's our fault for not asking for enough in the first place and we humbly apologize. This price increase will definitely be the last you'll see from us, as long as we remain in this format (which should be for awhile judging from the terrific response from our readers-thanks). We hope both old friends and new will understand and bear with us for slapping this on you. It's just that we can't bear to go back to 12 pages when our fine staff of contributors (Greg Goodsell, Kris Gilpin, David Dodge, Jeff Smith, Dave Saurek, Jim Smith) come across with just so much of the righteous goods that make up each edition, as well.

All subscription orders received after January 1, 1988 are subject to the new price guide. Others who subscribed last year, will finish receiving your 5 issues before asked to renew. We will remind you when your sub has run out. Hope y'all can understand and feel we're worth the increase. Just look at it as though we weren't asking enough, before this year. OK? okay.....

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WHY DID THIS GIRL
HANG HERSELF?

By
cecil doyle

Boo!

Some folks' trash is other people's treasure. Each weekend, as I gather up Dawn's weekly coffee table-buildup of NATIONAL ENQUIRER, STARS, GLORIA and WEEKLY WORLD NEWS; I contemplate on whether they should promptly be deposited in the garbage can or stored for prosperity in some fathomless closet space that doesn't exist in my house. Naturally, they end up in the dumpster. Should I feel a sense of guilt and perhaps donate these to bored prisoners? Will I kick myself in 20 years for not realizing the sociological value these shifty periodicals possess? Nah, I doubt we'll be around then anyway.

That's probably what 99 percent of trash-scribe readers thought about as they discarded literal goldmines worth of various exploitation print from their bedrooms, under their sofas and beside the toilet. Little did we know in the Fifties and Sixties that in the Eighties, they would be highly sought after items of value and that a man named Alan Betrock would catalog them in a publication of his own. Betrock (original editor of the splendid 70's alter-native music periodical, NEW YORK ROCKER, and went on to categorize other subjects like GIRL GROUPS, ROCK & ROLL MOVIE POSTERS and release I MAN A TRENAGE JUVENILE DELINQUENT BOOKS & ROLL WOMEN BEACH PARTY MOVIE BOOK) has been a connoisseur and constant catalog compiler of so-called "trash culture" for well over 15 years or so. His work was always a welcome addition to my library but this recent endeavor is by far, his best.

THE 100 GREATEST GULF EXPLOITATION MAGAZINES is 12 newspaper-size pages of classic cover reproductions and summaries from the genre's golden age. While the Fifties and Sixties flourished in several other areas of print like humor/satire, girls and men's adventure fare; this volume concerns itself with the following categories:....scandal page, personality one-shots, crime page, romance and true confessions, photo and pin-up publications, black page, sensationalistic Hollywood titles and stints with "strange" or "weird" in the title. Publications are listed alphabetically with a brief description, company and year published and a rating score. While older readers will recognize covers displayed here. The thing serves as an inspiration, as well as a nostalgia ride for anyone interested in or publishing exploitation fare today. It has a virtual textbook quality within a form quite similar to it's subject matter....the art of sell by lure....a basis of one of life's important facts.

Of course, the covers make the best reading. At least 8 reproductions per page of long-gone pillars of print like: GARE (The Jayne Mansfield's Best Legs? 'Nan In Skirts'); SUPPRESSED ('Elvis and Jimmy Made Natalie Wood'); TRUE CRIME, TOP SECRET; SENSATION ('Saltwater Pigtown USA'; 'Liberace And His Women'); GAVE ('Inside Jane Russell'); FRAUDS AND RACKETS ('Oleander's Poultry Plodder Our Nation', 'Parking Motors Are Illegal'); WHISPER ('Castro's Billion Dollar Gope Plot Against U.S. Teenagers', 'Jayne Mansfield and Mickey: Biggest Pair of Boobs In The Business?'); BARE ('Is Homosexuality Getting To Be Fashionable?'); THE LONGGOWN; INSIDE STORY; UNCHAINED; VICE SQUAD; and loads of one-shot tributes to the likes of Rock Hudson, Anita Ekberg, Mansfield, Monroe, Tony Perkins (?!), James Dean and Sophia Loren, to name a few. And with legendary howls and scatted B-movie sex queens adorning these fronts (Jolene Lansing, Eve Meyer, Nania Van Goren, Tempest Storm, Betty Page and whoicoda of others); it's a trashophile's treasure. Cheap at six dollars postpaid to: Shake Books, Apt 2-8, Brooklyn New York, 11215.

IS ELVIS SATAN'S STOOL?

Why

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IN A DARK PLACE WITH STRANGE PEOPLE ALL AROUND ME



by greg goodsell

Current schlock on video: a more boring and moribund subject is beyond my comprehension. Apathy and indifference rule the racks. In our vicarious VCR mode, we couch potatoes have stated "why bother?" not knowing that our precious product would one day lachrymally mimic us. "Yeah, I got this flick called SLAVE GIRL FROM BEYOND INFINITY. This will tie into the 'alternative video' crowd and make us a bundle. Fuck this grindhouse route, this counter-cultural artifact is here-to-stay!" Ho hum.

If we need proof of this creative delirium crisis, we look no further than the shot-on-video porn pic I just rented, AMAZING SEX STORIES. No benediction from raincoats here, this is for the married couple after the young'uns have seen LADY AND THE TRAMP. But this isn't enough; no, this title was rushed out so prematurely to anxious video consumers that the director's comments are left intact on the soundtrack! Yeah, try and imagine some passionate poundcake action with a young female voice commanding "Get on the bathtub sill! Keep your hand there! Move your hair with your free hand! And . . . action! Hold still, and . . . move your leg! Drop your shirt over there! Groan louder! Move . . ." People don't care anymore.

Custom-made quirkiness is no fun. Faced with this insurmountable obstacle of finding value in the obscure, this writer was forced to find value in the mainstream. Yup, for the SUBHUMAN readership this intrepid reporter got out of his chair, left his house, got in the car, went to a theatre and saw movies as they are intentionally meant to be shown, in a dark place with strange people all around me. Bmr . . .

Horror author hotshot Clive Barker turned in the distinctly British production HELLRAISER to moviegoers this fall. Said flick was a mixed bag. Making his directorial debut, Barker claimed reverence to David Lynch (naming his perva protagonist "Frank") but wound up like a disinterested Terrence Fisher, more Mary Bell (the real life British 12-year-old school girl who strangled classmates) than Mary Shelley. Dealing explicitly and implicitly with sadomasochism, it told the tale of a bored housewife and her skinless lover and the extremes to which they could once again attain "normal love".

The complex plot offered lots of fresh ideas, none really developed. For all the theatrical horror show S & M opportunities, the most sadomasochistic aspect — that of the ungrateful male manipulating the submissive female to murder so he can literally have a dick again, was totally buried in unnecessary stupid gore effects. Barker blew his teeny budget on extraneous costumes and makeup for his SPACE 1999 - styled Cenobites who wound up little more than plot devices.

Ironically, Barker cannot use gore to good effect. Directorally he is at his best dealing with the cramped domestic setting of the deprived household, evocative of those English Rita Tushingham vehicles of the Sixties (TASTE OF HONEY, etc.). With blood and guts . . . ? William S. Burroughs once said in effect that we go to horror movies to see our fondest dreams and hopes fulfilled rather than having our darkest nightmares exorcised; "We go to see Willard sic his rodent friends on the bad guys. We do not go to see rats chew off the genitals of ghetto infants." Barker shows a rat nailed to the wall, another cut in two, all for naught. The spatter didn't matter, making HELLRAISER as much fun as mimos, cruel, and Alistair Cooke. Better luck next time. —>

Just how scary can a motion picture with Donald Pleasence and Alice Cooper be? John Carpenter's **PRINCE OF DARKNESS** was another disappointment from a major genre talent. A low budget, a very low budget, doubtfully greater than **BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA**'s doughnut allotment seemed to be the major culprit. Taking a cue from England's "Quatermass" TV series, the tale of the Earth lies in the hands of a group of intrepid scientists examining a mysterious force emanating from a church basement. "Could it be . . . I don't know . . . SATAN?" **PRINCE OF DARKNESS** doesn't say.

The special effects didn't impress the audience I viewed this one with. "They have the camera lying on its side, they have a hose running down the other side, now they have the camera upside down, and, hey, isn't that the demon hand from **LEGEND**?" Carpenter is known for austerity and simplicity in his storylines and visual style but this time around failed to amaze, astonish, or amuse the audience. Let's hope this was a stalling gesture.

A shoestring-budget feature that came clear out of left field was the vampire yarn **NEAR DARK**. It became the sleeper hit of the season. With great simplicity and haunting beauty, it told the story of a young cowboy inducted into a nomadic vampire family terrorizing the American Southwest. Soaped in atmosphere, the film was fascinating in the details about the bizarre "starved family" and how well integrated they were in the context of modern middle America. (One ingenuous scene had a little boy vampire leaping as a hit-and-run victim with a battered bicycle stream across a highway late at night. He would then attack concerned motorists who stopped for assistance!)

Whereas other modern vampire films extend to dressing up their bloodsuckers in punk rock duds (as in **THE HUNGER** or **LOST BOYS**), **NEAR DARK** finds the precise compilation between the Medieval torture dungeon and the downtown Greyhound bus station. Last year's big-budget **ANGEL HEART** tried to evoke a Gothic American landscape but wound up little more than a pictorial exorcism. **NEAR DARK** brilliantly sees the shadows and horrors of Anytown, USA with clarity. Catch this at repertory houses where I predict a lengthy stay.

Which brings us to this year's Gussy Pleasure: New World's adaptation of V.C. Andrews' **FLOWERS IN THE ATTIC**. The tale Ms. Andrews' gothic novel centers on the Dollinger family, a Lovecraftian bunch whose family tree grew increasingly inward, occupied a strange place on the paperback racks. There were no supernatural elements, canceling out the appeal of the Stephen King audience. There was not enough mayhem for those enamored with the John Saul child-abuse school. And they were far too grim and unrelenting for general fiction readers. But they nonetheless hit the nail on the head with the American housewife consumer check-out line mentality; take *Yogue* (Paris fashion originals), *Woman's Day* (caring for your housebound child), *Star* (Lady Di seeing another man), and *Weekly World News* (Nazi tortures students to death). In a nutshell: Glamour Domesticity! Scandal! Depravity! They had no choice but mass consumption by the haustreid nation.

Critics dismissed the books as trash, but saw in her haunted heroines plucky resourcefulness and resilience unseen except in the most feminist texts. In a rare interview, however, it was striking on just how Andrews was like her villainesses. Grim, brooding, semi-inveiled, dripping with jewels and irony. "People like to think children are corrupt and innocent," she once said, matter of factly. "They aren't!" The film adaptation goes forth in this trashy vein, lurid dialogue and frozen clichés intact. After their proud papa dies, a mother and her four children tie themselves to their ancestral home where their maternal grandparents reside. Some dark secret compels the children to remain prisoners in the sprawling attic until grandfather dies and leaves mother his considerable wealth. But mommy's visits to the attic become less frequent and the youngest child grows sicker and paler. Mommy wouldn't leave us to die here, would she . . . ?

Louise Fletcher as the grandmother puts considerable distance between her stint as Nurse Ratched in **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST**; a combination of Wicked Stepmother and Bizarre Comics dominatrix, she gives any comparable movie monster with PMS still competition. Kristy Swanson (Wes Craven's **DEADLY FRIEND**) is culpable pulling off the atrocious dialogue required in her role as the eldest Dollinger daughter. For all the high camp elements (so many it makes the Robert Aldrich shockers **BABY JANE** and **SWEET CHARLOTTE** seem in comparison) lies the ominous fact of children in abusive situations to accept a horrible status-quo in the innocent, naive belief that in doing so that things may get a little bit better. Andrews' books took the pop fiction route when dealing with this theme, for the "high art" rendering of this subject check out Kate Miller's account of the Indiana Torture Slaying in *The Basement: Meditations Of a Human Sacrifice*. For a recent real life account, check out the lawyer father in New York who tortured and starved his five-year-old daughter to death out of boredom. V.C. Andrews knew supernatural elements were no substitute for genuine cruelty. The bedraggled children viewing their mother's picture-perfect engagement party through an air-conditioning grill perfectly crystallizes this theme.



And since you ask now... Best Picture of 1987? That's easy! FATAL ATTRACTION. Yup, this multi-million major release moneymaker is none other than the misogynist slasher film raised to the level of high art. It has everything that draws us to the depraved in cinema: cruelty, hate, stereotypes, torture, humiliation, animal mutilation, gore, Glenn Close as the Madonna/Whore figure. There is more heartfelt HATE and SEXUAL LOATHING in this film than any 42nd Street grindhouse flick. It is genuinely subversive in making the genital limpoer feel the same primitive rush we feel in seeing a busty blonde getting fishhooks through the tits, all of it raised to Academy Award level heights. Any self-proclaimed "sick fuck" who decries this as being beneath his sensibilities must come to grips with the fact that he just isn't sick enough! See you at the movies.



BATTLE BOY

review by
Cecil Doyle

It was during the Christmas party we threw here at SUBHUMAN headquarters this past December. The theme was the following: females come dressed to kill while the guys were encouraged to dress comfortable (i.e. wear your house slippers). Naturally, Chris Cart shows up looking like he just stepped off of an Andy Williams Holiday Special. In bright red sweater and tie. "There's gonna be a world premiere here tonight", he boasted. What? I don't see the fucker for a week and a half and he's already completed another video production? Enter Scott Murphy garbed appropriately in bathrobe and slippers...the only soul beside myself dressed to the pre-designated guidelines. Toting a portable VCR and his distinctive little giggle, the young director sets up the machine and at an appropriate moment during mid-party, sends Ronnie into the main reception area to announce, "Hey, if anybody wants to be part of the world premiere of BATTLE BOY?.....".

Murphy has improved a great deal since early 1987's VENI VIDI VICI. While still flawed in the audio department, BATTLE BOY shows improvement in every other level. The acting is so natural, you'd swear you were watching some sort of camping documentary. Story concerns itself with a group of six country hunkins on a weekend camping trip where they conduct a not-so-friendly B-B gun war game.

Unfortunately, Gile Curtis (Denny Hall) has to tag along his naive little brother, Jasnie (portrayed nicely by John Williams). Here, he experiences mass ridicule and rejection from the drunken campers throughout the first half of the feature. After finally being excluded from the main event, the BB gun war, depression transforms into adolescent aggression...one of the deadliest forces known to man. Jasnie goes to war with his toy soldiers juxtaposed with the misadventures of the intoxicated play-soldiers in the woods. Then it all becomes kadoosha in The Twilight Zone. Bubba! Some big, unidentified, camouflaged aim is seen rushing about, slaughtering the entire party one by one, all in gorefest suspense-comedy tradition.

The cast take to their characters like flies to horseshit. They've no doubt spent countless hours doing research. Chris Cart was born to play these rural comedic roles like no one I've seen in awhile. Cart also co-directed along with Garry Hall and did the whole score. The roomful of spectators at my party hooted and cheered each Herber-Hall Gordon Lewis-style gore scene as well as a couple of memorable plot twists. We had a damn good time.

Available for fifteen dollars postpaid to: Chris Cart, Route 1 box 210-A, Crowley Louisiana 70526. VHS only. Sleaz Eye Productions strikes again!



GET OUT OF MY WAY, MAN. I REALLY MEAN IT!

by

Elliot P. Ness

(as told to Kris Gilpin)

Get out of my way, man. I really mean it! proves to be a film as stupid as its title. This Mexican/Canadian co-production stars Giraldo Pleyya (who?) as a constipated Bud Spencer-type who was severely traumatized as a child when his mother first caught him alone in the bathroom moving his bowels.

"I can't believe you did that!" she scolds him in an early flashback scene. "Sitting there, pinching turds! Grunting! Stinking up our beautiful home" (which had no walls, and was in a Mexican slum neighborhood)! Consequently, the young Raoul could only defecate in bus terminal restrooms.

Hence, for most of the film's insurmountable two-and-a-half hour running time, Pleyya waddles his huge frame down unending streets and slams people with his fat arms, proclaiming repeatedly, "Get out of my way, man, I really mean it!" as he makes his way from one Greyhound station to the next.

The film has an incredibly disgusting ending, in which the fat man, after having the world's worst Big Mac attack, gorges himself in one Mexican restaurant after another, vulgarly cramming food into his mouth and down his throat (filmed in nauseating close-ups) in a culinary orgy which lasts for almost the entire last hour of the film, belching and farting all the while. He then calls three waiters to his table, where they spend ten full minutes of screen time pulling him out of his food booth. The incredibly bloated fat-ass then bounces down the street screaming, "Get out of the way! Look out!" As he has eaten his way into unfamiliar territory, he is unable to find the local bus depot, and, as he rolls out into a busy traffic intersection, he literally explodes on camera, spewing viscera and excrement high into the air (some of it even hits the people standing around him).

This sight caused the woman in the car next to mine (I saw this godawful thing in a Peoria drive-in) to laugh hysterically and honk her horn — along with many others — for the following ten minutes.

This is the first film to be distributed by the new Superb Films, Inc. Co., and let's hope there aren't many more of its ilk to follow.



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c/o Joe Doyle

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**TARZAN
on the
DOWNSWING!**



compiled by David Dodge

HER EYES PROMISE Love...
HER LIPS SNEER "Death!"

Savage princess of the Leopard Men
... sworn to bring back Tarzan's body
for her fiendish jungle ritual!



EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS'
TARZAN
AND THE
Leopard Woman

Starring
JOHNNY WEISSMULLER
BRENDA JOYCE
JOHNNY SHEFFIELD
with **ACQUANETTA**

Produced by
SOL LESSER

Associate Producer and Director
ELMIRA FREEMAN



SEE THE SAVAGE ADVENTURES OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND TREACHEROUS ANIMAL IN THE JUNGLE.



NOTE: This is a new Tarzan film. It is not the same as the old Tarzan films. It is a new Tarzan film.

COLOR

THE WILD GIRL

SHE SWINGS THROUGH THE JUNGLE NAKED AS THE ANIMALS

STARRING: NEW CLARK, FRANK POLLS, FRANK REISER, GERTY CUNNINGHAM
Produced by: FRANK POLLS, FRANK REISER, GERTY CUNNINGHAM
Directed by: FRANK POLLS, FRANK REISER, GERTY CUNNINGHAM
Distributed by: FIRST CLASS FILM CORPORATION, 1000 Broadway, New York 10003

CASTING BY: SARAH, THE WILD GIRL

Story: A safari in North Borneo finds a 16-year old plane wreck. The men reach London where Sir Deane (Al Tennyson) learns, believing it to be the plane of his son and daughter-in-law. But, only two adult skeletons were found so he decides that his grand-daughter Elizabeth must still be alive and organizes an expedition to find her. Leading the search is Glen Skipper (Sam Clark), with Deane's secretary, Doris Miller (Gerty Cunningham), relative brother (Frank Reiser), a hunter Fred (Frank Polls) and others. Greedy, who is in line for Sir Deane's estate, conspires with Fred to kill her if she's found. Upon reaching Africa and entering the jungle, they are attacked by natives, who find them they hear a sound very strange to them. They then enter an area where the natives are friendly and the animals are almost tame. The natives tell them of a wild girl, Tarzan (Frank Polls). They then see a naked, beautiful girl swinging through the trees. Greedy and Fred capture her, but Fred wants to ransom her to Sir Deane, so he kills Greedy. Skipper and the hunter go after Fred, and during a skirmish, Tarzan escapes. Hunting after her, Fred falls into a stake pit and is killed. Skipper and Doris find Tarzan, and are able to locate her mother of civilization. She agrees to return to England.

The film is directed by James Hall, a presentation of First National Corporation, in color, 70 minutes long, and rated R. The producers describe it as the first adult jungle film, which will break an attitude created in other jungle movies.

If the plot sounds familiar, it is. Screenwriter Philip Hays did not enjoy himself too much. On the surface, it is sure that it is a Tarzan tale-off. I have not seen it yet, so I don't know about the quality. It would very well be an exciting film. At any rate, Tarzan is a real pretty gal, so your time might not be entirely wasted. From the posters and publicity, I am inclined to not expect a real quality film. However, when it comes to Minneapolis, I think I'll try to get the film side together to attend as a group. I do expect fun evening of diversion.

It is not known if EMM Inc. tried to stop this film or just ignored it. I'm inclined to believe the latter.

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DESTROYED TO RECORD
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TARZAN

THE FEARLESS ONES

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DIFFERENT
TYPE OF ENTERTAINMENT

THE WILD GIRL

PARK-MILLER
AGENTS ONLY

THE Psychic

HE COULD
READ MEN'S
MINDS

AND CORRUPT
THEIR WOMEN!



Reviewed By
Kris Gilpin

Camp Video's **THE PSYCHIC** ("By Herschell Gordon Lewis") is actually only about half-true. The production began under that title, as directed by one James F. Hurley; Hurley had hired Herschell as his Director of Photography. After attempting to produce a bittersweet morality tale concerning a man who uses his God-given gift for selfish purposes, Hurley instead produced only a cinematic piece of shit which proved to be unsellable (as Lewis warned him it would be). So Herschell bought the negative from him, shot and spliced in some softcore scenes (which, of course, had nothing to do with the narrative, but who gave a shit?) and released it as **Copenhagen's Psychic Loves**. Of course it then made money.

This is the riveting story of a man who gains psychic powers as the result of a bad fall; he pursues a career in entertainment (identifying people's keys in nightclubs, etc.) at the expense of his family's alienation. He shacks up with a floosie and becomes your classic cad. He finally goes too far when, in a pathetic attempt to save his dying career, he risks his missing daughter's life (he helps the cops to find her) to gain more publicity for himself. Finally, a broken shell of a man, he gives a tearful (read: funny!) monologue regarding his now-lost abilities, and is left all alone at film's end.

Herschell called in another actor (sporting longer sideburns, he only resembled the star; they don't look like the same person to me) and had him suck on nipples for the (happily!) obtrusive sex scenes*; there's also a (human!) black and white lesbian kiss, followed by a masturbatory moment, and the off-camera blowjob is pretty amusing to behold. The film has the typical, pastel look of Lewis's camerawork, along with those funny/tacky cut-away shots of the actors' reactions. Some scenes were shot silent, having to be dubbed in later, and the acting is pure ham.

The psychic takes his show on the road at one point, appearing on a talk show (the set is stunning: a couch, chair, table and curtains!) with a whorey actress; this is also the first (and undoubtedly only!) time you'll ever hear canned laughter in a Herschell Gordon Lewis film! The flick drags along to its conclusion, and the melodramatic theme song at the end is hilarious to hear. There's also extra skin shots cut into the credits — to give the renter more for his/her money — in addition to some outtakes which show the actors glancing off-camera for direction.

THE PSYCHIC is, as always with Herschell, worth a look as an example of no-budget filmmaking — plus, it's a lotta laughs.

* (which include stupid voice-over narration)



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SUB HUMAN

Coming in issue 10:
 a behind-the-scenes expose' on the remake of **THE SLUG** recently shot here in our area; an unbelievable moviehouse experience by **Elliot P. Nees**; **Big Titts**; **Hags** and much more!



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Meroy!

SPY SEX

JANE BOND MEETS OCTOPUSSY
GIRL FROM L.A.S.
BONOL FROM H.E.A.T.

by

David Dodge



Bond was not amused. "What the hell do they want to send me a woman for," he said bitterly. "Do they think this is a bloody picnic?"

CASINO ROYALE

(the book, certainly not the movie) by Ian Fleming



So was 007's reaction to being paired on a mission with Agent 30.10, which soon resulted in his nearly becoming a smooch at the command of Le Chiffre who in turn was terminated by a SMERSON operative. The story was adapted twice, once for American television with Harry Nelson as Bond (who later described his portrayal as 00147) and a wacko comedy in 1967 utilizing the character's names; the latter being an omen of sorts. In Mike France's 1976 "unauthorized" fanzine entitled *Mr. Kiss-Kiss-Bang-Bang*, fellow writer Mike Shock suggested that Ian Fleming would have been indifferent to "the Keystone Cop Bond" as portrayed by Roger Moore, who often fell into situations more worthy of Agent 86 than 007. Even Fleming once wrote a screen-treatment for producer, Kevin McClory, (which became both *THUNDERBALL* and *NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN*) approved the casting of Connery and recommended the casting of his cousin, Christopher Lee for the role of DR. NO, he otherwise showed any cinematic involvement. And as many have opined, those gadget-laden-bedhopping-chase after chase-one liner ridden extravaganzas rapidly became parodies, with the hedonistic element sooner or later becoming game for the types who beset their product with such titles as *THE SPERMATOR*, *SPEECH OF ENDEARMOR*, *HAMMAN GOES HER SISTERS*, *TOP GUNS* and so forth.

A lusty cycle of de-evolution began in that white collar skin rag, Playboy, where Fleming's remarkable 1964 short story, "The Property Of A Lady" first appeared and later became the springboard for a recycling of elements from Richard Maibaum and Paul Dehn's *GOLDFINGER* screenplay, which had Moore/Bond saving Gersamy from getting nuked while in a clown's suit and more or less inspired Harold Line's tacky shot-on-video crapper, *JANE BOND MEETS OCTOPUSSY*. Instead of a possible Maude Adams lookalike doing something naughty with those high cheekbones, we get Frietara Harrington as a man-hating dyke who sluids a sex-mania Raygun that arcsome women into squeaking every male dry and rendering them vulnerable to female domination. Jane Bond is described as 0010 on the display box and works for an organization so secret, it has no initials during the tape (I almost said film). After diddling herself with a dildo, she gets her assignment over the phone and all too easily infiltrates her adversary's domain, posing as a hooker hired on to participate in some kinko experiments. She first does Octo-dyke's creepy job interviewer and soon confers with her inside contact, a bimbo file-clerk turned-secret-agent-because of a computer glitch-who's also a virgin. She loses it to Octo's "Columbian Connection", some Hispanic guy who's a lousy punny-eater. Several twists and turns prevail unworthy of summarizing, which of course only lead up to the old in/out anyway until Jane zaps her leechy foe with her own weapons, which renders her hopelessly heterosexual.

THE GIRL FROM S.E.X. sure isn't THE GIRL FROM U.H.O.L.E. but her exploits are more fun than 0069, as Agent 3800 sort of pursues a vengeance trail in a cam and go storyline. And while the bawling biatchette, April Dancer's adventures were annoyingly cheesy, the tough but not always bright 3800 can really get into the goo. One of her fellow agents infiltrates A.S.S. Headquarters and escapes in a space toy only to be blasted out of the sky at the command of some guy in a limo. His shaggy haired chauffeur does the chore with a rayon fashioned from a silver-painted pipe and plastic parts. Throughout the credits, the title character strikes several silhouetted poses that recall Diana Riggs in the opening and end credit sequences in The Avengers. Our heroine is portrayed by Lisa Selasov, a buxom redhead with plenty of freckles in the darndest places, who like Jane Bond, gets her assignment over the phone just moments after an orgasm. Her bedmate wants her and but S.E.X. needs her more. After a bubble bath, she reports to her Superior who has her investigating a counterfeiting ring. The locale shifts to Moscow with the aid of stock footage. Two nitwit KGB-types bicker in a Boris Yelodinov dialect and then it's back to 3800, narrowly avoiding an inept sniper attempt and visiting the estate of Xavier, an A.S.S. Kingpin she questions during a bungling Kang-Fu/wrestling exhibition. Dave welcomes her to stay, she soon seduces his mistress (Bridgette Monet) in a boudoir furnished with an Arabian camel operator and a double-headed dildo. The latter is put to extensive use during a number of sexual encounters that all end with blackouts recalling a quarter-a-throw loop show. Bridgette settles to Xavier's errand boy while getting oral with his tubesteak and his toes. 3800 pumps Xavier for dirt on her colleague's killer, and even after plenty of fucking, sucking and tit-fucking; he won't fess up. She aims her pistol right on his jewels but he still won't sing. Then the film cuts abruptly to a noisy airport supposedly in Stockholm (according to the letters on the screen, anyway). Apparently that sequence was intended as some sort of slick anti-Glenn but lacks any tight editing and pacing. Next she's in a private massage and sex club, where she has some with a hunk who claims to be a C.I.A. agent who insists on making out like the regulars. She's soon trapped in a steamroom on the verge of being steamed to death but is immediately shown unscathed in a hotel without any mention of her escape. Like 0069, she poses as a job applicant in a London brothel full of Americans having sex and a steamroom counterfeiting currency. She confronts the so-called C.I.A. guy she seduces of trying to steam her like an oyster. A trick she turns, turns out to be a real spy posing as an S&M freak that she cornholes with a strap-on dildo. While snooching about, they're attacked by some rag-tag pseudo ninjas. Afterward, the two are on-board a submarine on route to the A.S.S. island sanctuary. Alons, 3800 struts through the grounds only to have guerrilla troops sneak up on her the moment she tries. But our fire-haired gal is rescued at the last minute before being drilled by some deadly dildo doobickery. Her heroic hunk turns the tables on it's mad scientist inventor, who we last see screaming in close-up as he gets it in the end, literally speaking. Those enormous do-gooders flee the blurry looking blowout in a copter piloted by the director but those two aren't through screwing around just yet. Even another call from the boss won't get her out of bed. ➡



UNCENSORED

GIRL FROM S.E.X.



Angel of HEAT

Mr. Bond's organization has no initials and S.E.E. doesn't stand for anything except for what the film's really about, so maybe the producers Hal Kant and Myrl A. Schreiberman intended M.E.A.T. (as in *AMOEBA OF*) to impress viewers into thinking their pic is one hot property, particularly with Marilyn Chambers in the title role. Unless you're one of the many that missed it's scant theatrical releases or one of the few who missed its malignant presence on video store racks and cable TV, be warned: there's no XXX, just one stale amalgam of an E. Whatever shameless scribe who scribbles video-box hype for Vestron has all the audacity of an *ISHTAR* publicist, in claiming the former Marilyn Briggs has "proven to be the only actress to successfully transcend X-rated features" (like how? doing *MAHOG*? the Playboy Channel? Ivory Snow boxes?) and describing her character (the one she plays) as a "female *GUR HAN FLINT*". That's *Rage* Flint, and it's Mr. Flint to the anonymous ass who obviously didn't bother finding that out. Actually, Mr. *INSATIABLE* pretends to be Angel Harmony and surprises (?) - she isn't affiliated with M.E.A.T. but part of the Protectors, a collective of folks banded together to combat evils, play jokes on each other with holograms, have X-rated sex and have more fun than the audience. Other "Protectors" include a beefcake with a bogus Chinese accent and a bonafide chop-choy specialist, Gerald Okamura, an someone with a bogus German accent, whose scenes bear idiot gag subtitles unworthy of quoting. One might easily expect co-star Mary McCormack to steal the show as some Pussycat-type but instead is a filipino bisexual syncho government agent named Samantha Vitess, who along with her smug four-eyed male companion, check out some hi-tech hijinx concerning contraband computer chips or something. At a briefing, they suggest such aspects as *MAOS*, the Special Executive for Counterintelligence, Terrorism, Revenge, and Extortion (meaning S.P.E.C.I.E.S.), Gr.No. or get this, Doctor Moriarty! Someone tell screenwriter, Helen Sanford, that's *Professor Moriarty*! The actual culprit is a former whiz kid named Albert who once gave it all up for acid and rock n roll, who now resides on an island abode concentrating on his android army and of course, world domination. Mary goes iseebo for Albert's wind-up doll mistress and even aud wrestles with her at a nightclub staffed by several of his automations. Angel, like *0089* and *3600*, poses as a job applicant and degrades herself by getting naked and being ridden like a pony by the club's midget manager, before chocking some info out of him. Mary spots Marilyn there and recalls a crippling confrontation they had before. Perhaps they fell down a staircase while pulling each others hair in a cat-fight. Angel goes snooping in Albert's lair, discovers a roomful of his creations and cracks, "So that's what's *BEHIND THE GREEN SCOTCH*! Cute. Albert programs his progeny to fuck both Marilyn and Mary's male co-hort to death but just as they arise (so to speak), the scene shifts. Later we find the pair have burned us right out, which is probable in Marilyn's case but that dark....? After numerous mishaps, our three crimefighters, Mary's android squeeze, and other Protectors, combat their adversaries Kung-Fu style with comedic music on the soundtrack and no decent action to save this sorry waste. Albert's controls fry out and his robotic brood spins out. The end result is made visally possible with a slapdash assemblage of mannequins and radio translator parts concocted by William Munna, once described by writer/director Dan O'Bannon as a "useless goddamn son of a bitch". As for the denouement - dump it. In summation: nothing terribly funny, some aweeing sights here and there but no good shootin', killin', punchin', or kickin', and a bunch of heroes, heroines, villains and villainesses that richly deserve to have their overexposed asses kicked by Modesty Blaise, Ms. Tree, Talla- Queen of the Apocalypse and Emma Peel. Hell, even Tara King, April O'Neil and 99 could take em.

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